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**The House that James
Built**

Williams

THE HOUSE
that
JAMES BUILT



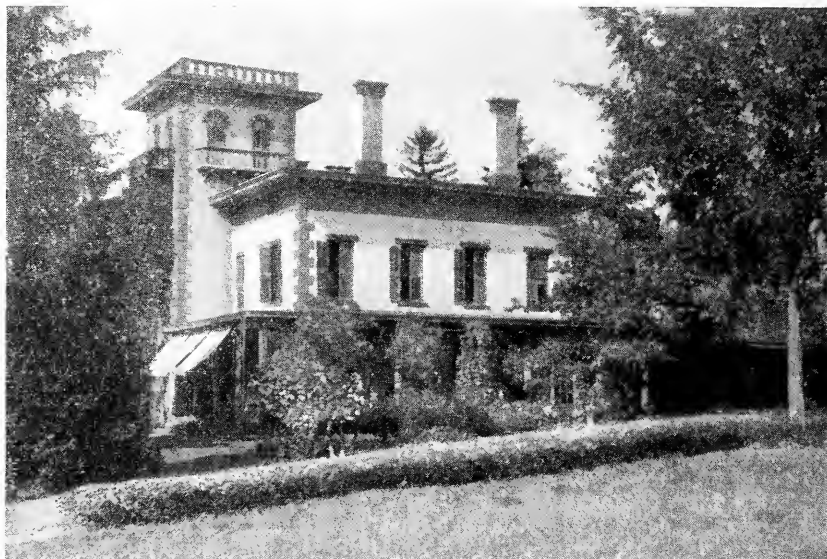
JAMES BAKER WILLIAMS

The House That James Built



BY
SAMUEL H. WILLIAMS
GLASTONBURY, CONN.
1948

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THE HOUSE

Foreword

To my Children:

You asked me to put together something more about the life and activities of my father, James B. Williams, and about what the eight children were and did.

Your request was a demand, and here is the result. Upon your heads be it if there are criticisms and complaints of the contents and style.

Much that is set down here is familiar to you and to your cousins. How much future generations will be interested, or benefited, by it is something else again. Naturally some of the facts stated in "Who's Who in the Family of Solomon Williams" have been repeated here, in an amplified form. In that pamphlet all the grandchildren and great-grandchildren have been listed, and something said about them, so this one is confined to your grandfather and his eight children.

Some of what is written here comes from memory; some from letters and some from the many dairies left by the two aunts. I am responsible for most of it, with some help from nephews and nieces. What is said about me, personally, however, was composed, for the most part, by you, so you must share whatever there may be of criticism.

The life and achievements of your grandfather, James B. Williams, ought to be an inspiration to each one of his descendants. My hope and prayer is that not one of them will fall short of what he would want them to be and to do. We have a splendid heritage from godfearing parents and grandparents that should be cherished.

The four sons and four daughters, whose doings are set down here, have shown the worth of careful upbringing. Sometimes we resented the fact that we were not always allowed to do all the things that other boys and girls could do; but the care and the inhibitions tended to mould character, and to prepare for future usefulness. Older children, too, do much to help the development of those who are younger, and we who were younger owed much to our older brothers and sisters.

Many of the members of the "House that James built" no longer live in Glastonbury. The grandchildren, however, as long as they live will cherish memories of the "Brick House on the Hill", and their visits there while the builder was living.

It is over 40 years since he left us, but the influence of his life and character endures.

SAMUEL H. WILLIAMS

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THE HOUSE THAT JAMES BUILT

More has been said and printed about the early years of James Baker Williams, and the starting of his business career, than about what he was and did in his maturer years.

Married to Jerusha Hubbard in 1845 he took his bride to live in Manchester. When they moved to Glastonbury in 1848 they lived for ten years in the little house "under the hill". Their first born son, Thomas Welles, was born in Manchester, but only lived fourteen months. The next son, Frank Hubbard, born after they came to Glastonbury, endeared himself to all during his short life of only five years. Six other children were born in the little house; Mary Ellen, David Willard, and his twin, Lucy, (who lived less than two years), Martha Baker, Jerusha Elizabeth, and a baby boy, who did not live.

After the ten years the family was getting too large for the little house, so a larger one was planned. Some years ago Professor Thayer of Hartford told me that in the attic of his family house in Westfield, Mass. he had found a roll of old house plans left there by his father, Lucius Thayer, marked "Plans for a house for J. B. Williams of Glastonbury". It seems that there was some connection between the Thayer family and some Glastonbury families, and several Glastonbury girls had attended school in Westfield. Among these was Aunt Julia, who while there lived with the Thayer family, and used to call the older Mr. Thayer "Uncle Lucius". It is interesting to note that Stuart Rider, in Minneapolis, married Elsie Thayer granddaughter of Lucius Thayer, the architect.

So in the year 1859 the family moved into the new brick house "on the hill". There were born: James Stoddard, Caroline and Samuel Hubbard, before mother died, which was in 1866. Three years later father married again, choosing mother's sister, Julia Hubbard. I remember clearly walking down the hill to attend the wedding in the small house, and eating ice cream there. We never called her anything but "Aunt Julia". Four more children were born: John and Wells (neither of whom lived long), Anne Shelton and Richard Solomon.

Of the fifteen children, born between 1846 and 1880, eight grew to maturity. Carrie died in 1876 at the age of fourteen.

Among the early settlers of Glastonbury, in the 17th century, were George Hubbard and John Hollister. For nearly 200 years the two families lived as neighbors, though the Hollisters were in South Glastonbury and the Hubbards up north. Then David Hubbard, 7th in descent from George, married Jerusha Hollister, 6th in descent from John. They were our grandparents, so we are descendents of both of these pioneer families, as well as having our Williams and Baker heritage.

David Hubbard was a prominent citizen of the town in the early part of the 19th century. He had a prosperous tanning business, but lost most of his property when an elderly man. Grandmother came to live with us after father and Aunt Julia were married. For a time she took charge of the dairy, and when not thus occupied would sit in her rocking chair by the window of the sitting room, and knit. I remember sitting by her one day when she looked out of the window and said: "There come the Smith girls". Sure enough there were Miss Abby and Miss Julia Smith, who had walked up from their home, a mile or more away, to call on their old friend. The three were not far from the same age.

MOTHER

Mother was the oldest daughter of David and Jerusha Hubbard. She was a home-making body, nearly always surrounded by a house full of children. Apparently she was not very demonstrative, but all her "in-laws" were very fond of her. I wish I could have known her, but she died when I was two years old. Some letters written by her have been preserved. Several of these were to Mattie, who spent a year in Brooklyn with Aunt Sarah Robinson when she was nine years old. In one letter she wrote: "Week before last I went to Manchester and stayed from Wednesday to Saturday, when I went to



Hartford in the cars, and took dinner with the Hookers, and father came for me there. Jamie went with me, it was the first time he had ever stayed in Manchester, and the first time he ever rode in the cars. He was a very good boy and enjoyed his visit very much. (Jamie was about four years old) - - - Willie milks two of the cows, and Saturday father was away and he milked three, he shuts up the cows and feeds them". (Willie was about twelve)

AUNT JULIA



AUNT JULIA and Aunt Nellie were the youngest members of the Hubbard family. After Aunt Nellie married Uncle Henry Child, Aunt Julia lived with her mother, in the little house under the hill, until her own marriage. With two or three other Glastonbury girls she had attended a school in Westfield, Massachusetts.

A sheet of paper, yellowed by age, has been found, with the following notations in her hand writing:

“Under the Maple Tree
Friday evening, October 22, 1858
To be opened in five years

Thursday evening, October 22, 1863

Of the four who were under the maple tree five years ago;
Horace is in Ky. a paymaster in the navy
John is now at home, but has been south in the army.
Both are engaged.
Nell and I are still at home.

Saturday evening, October 22, 1864

One more year has passed
Horace lies in the grave. He died in Ky. last May.
John is in Hartford.
Nell and I are still home, but a few months will see her
transferred to a new home.

Sunday, October 22, 1865

John is married
Nellie is married
I only am left under the Maple Tree.”

We can only speculate as to the conversation and plans of the four young people "under the maple tree" just ninety years ago, but it stirs our imagination.

Four years later she and father were married, and they had a happy married life together for 33 years. She was a good mother to us younger children. She came up to the brick house on the hill to take charge of a large household — seven children from 5 to 19, and her mother. After a few years the older ones, Mary, Mattie and Will, were away from home much of the time.



The lot on the hill where the house was built, comprising about thirteen acres, was not attractive in itself. There was nothing but a stretch of sand with no top soil. To remedy this was no small task, but it was accomplished by hauling enough good soil to cover the sand. About a mile away, in a pasture lot, there was a great quantity of black swamp earth called "Muck". The muck was dug up by hand and thrown into a large box placed on wheels which could then be drawn by horses along a home-made track to a point where it could be transferred to wagons to be hauled home. I do not know how many loads were required nor how long it took, but it must have seemed interminable. When I was a boy the remains of the track were visible.

When the lot was thus made tillable an apple orchard of some two acres was planted. There was provision for a large garden, as well as for other fruit trees and for evergreen spruce trees.

In spite of the addition of so much muck the soil continued to be very light, so that it was desirable to provide means for irrigation. The water was brought from a brook on the other side of the street to the south. A pond was formed by damming up the brook, and the water was then pumped, by two large hydraulic rams, to a concrete reservoir at the high point of the lot in front of the barn. "Ram Pond", as it was called, is still there. From this reservoir gravity would carry the water to the garden to be used whenever needed.

Running water for the house was also secured, long before it was available in most houses. This required quite a program. On the south side of Hubbard Street, nearly opposite the spot where the house of Robert Rider now stands, there was a spring with an abundant supply of pure water. This spring was walled up, and a pipe laid under the highway and across the lots to a tank not far from the barn, north of the "little house under the hill" — now owned by Howard Carrier. This was as far as gravity would carry the water.

Because of a prejudice against the use of lead pipe to carry water for drinking purposes, he made one of cement. To construct this a

length of hose pipe was laid in the bottom of the ditch, that had been dug, and carefully surrounded with cement. When this had hardened the hose pipe was drawn out carefully and used for another length. Thus he had a cement pipe with about one inch inside diameter for the whole 300 yards.

Then came the problem of getting the water from this tank to a tank in the attic of the house. This was solved by the use of an air pump. To provide the motive power another small pump was installed at the factory which forced air through a pipe laid across the field — another 300 yards. The air pump in the tank was thus able to persuade the water to run up hill to provide running water for the house. It was all rather complicated, but it worked.

He was never much interested in sports or out-of-door games, though he would occasionally put on his old pair of "Glastonbury Runners" and go skating with us. He took his recreation working in the garden, and supervising his dairy. His hobby was farming and his herd of high grade Jersey cows was notable. In the 1870's there was a two acre bed of asparagus, which required much work in cultivation and in picking and bunching for market. As I was not in school during the year before entering college I was given in the spring the job of marketing asparagus and rhubarb. This meant going to bed early so as to be ready to get up about four o'clock in the morning, and driving to Hartford with a horse and market wagon to call on the grocery stores and markets until the load was disposed of. During the rest of that year my particular job was milking. There were about twenty cows to be milked by two of us. I never knew about the profits from the farm projects, but imagine they were not great, for when my brother, James, undertook later to carry on the farm as a business, with a larger herd of Jersey cows, he soon found it was not profitable enough.

Upon coming to Glastonbury he interested himself at once in church and community affairs. In 1859 he was chosen deacon of the church, a position he held until his death 47 years later. Not long after he became a member of the church here he was made Superintendent of the Sunday School, a position he held at various times for many years.

Sundays in the house were filled with activities, though all work, except for necessary chores, was rigidly prohibited. Everybody went to church. An old fashioned rock-a-way carried five or six, and another horse was harnessed if there were more to go. Sunday School followed the church service, after which there was an intermission of an hour before the afternoon service. Unless the weather was bad we drove home and had a light lunch, returning for the two o'clock service. If the day was stormy we would take a lunch with us to eat during the hour's intermission, and we boys welcomed such days when we could join other boys who always spent the hour there. Sunday dinner came at four o'clock. Some would drive back for the evening service. The horse sheds,

back of the church, were usually well occupied. These sheds were individually owned by people who lived at a distance so that they drove when they came to church. After I had my own home and my own horse, father bought a shed and gave it to me. When there had been a hard snow storm on Saturday, two horses would be harnessed to a large bob sled that had seats arranged along the sides so that it would hold 15 or 20 people. With this outfit he would drive to church, stopping at one house after another to collect others who wished to go.

One of his granddaughters writes: "My memory also is full of the Sunday afternoons, all of us going to grandfather's house and seeing all the Aunts and Uncles and Cousins. What a wonderful custom, and how I loved the little silver box that grandfather used to find in his vest pocket and bring out to give us children either licorice or a piece of sweet! Never could a group of young folk have had a more perfect childhood, nor more wonderful memories than we had."

Fast Day was a sort of week-day Sunday, with a service in the morning, and a somewhat restricted diet.

Thanksgiving Day was always a special day. If it had been cold enough to provide ice for skating, we would induce him to get out his old "Glastonbury Runners" and go skating with us. Usually guests came for dinner. In later years, with the increase in the number of grandchildren, tables were set in two rooms, one for the grown-ups and one for the children. Eventually the number grew too large to have all gather together for dinner, so each family ate dinner at home. Then we would all go over to the brick house in the evening to play games and eat ice cream.

Perhaps it was because his own schooling had been cut short that he always interested himself in educational matters. In the records of Glastonbury town meetings there is often mention of motions made by J. B. Williams proposing action in favor of secondary schools. In the late 1860's he was one of the leaders in establishing the Glastonbury Academy, a private school entirely supported by tuition fees. Twenty years later, when the school was at a low ebb, numerically and financially, he, together with Uncle William and Mrs. John Welles, gave \$25,000 as an endowment fund to establish the Glastonbury Free Academy, so that all the children of the town might attend without any tuition fee. This naturally later became the Town High School. The "Glastonbury Free Academy" was incorporated, and the corporation is still in existence, its chief function now being to care for the endowment fund, the income of which is used for the benefit of the High School. I have been president of the corporation for the last 55 years. His interest in education was also evidenced by the fact that for many years he contributed generously to many western colleges whenever they appealed to him for aid.

So far as I know he was never elected to any political office except that of representative to the legislature, in which he served two terms — 1863 and 1864. In those days there were annual sessions, and there were two capitols of the State. So he attended one session in Hartford and one in New Haven. When in New Haven he lived with Mrs. Hume, widow of the noted India missionary, and sister-in-law of Uncle Samuel.

The winter of 1871-72 was spent in Jacksonville, Florida, in a rented house. The family there, besides Father and Aunt Julia, consisted of Grandfather Williams, Grandmother Hubbard, my sisters Mattie and Carrie and myself. Every day we had a school session with Mattie, who was seventeen, as teacher. Carrie, who was nine, and I, seven, were the pupils. The house had no cellar and was supported on piers so that there was an open space of about three feet underneath. Razorback hogs roamed through the streets and occasionally one or more would enter the yard and take refuge under the house. Then it would be my duty, as the smallest member of the household to crawl under the house to dislodge them. We visited Saint Augustine, and I remember looking with wonder at the barred window in the fort through which the Indian chief, Coacoochee, was reported to have escaped, after having starved himself until he was thin enough to squeeze through. This was during the Seminole war that had occurred thirty years earlier (1835-42). Father also took me on a memorable trip to Leesburg, where the family of Uncle David Hubbard was living. The only means of transportation was by boat, so we went part way up the St. John's river and the rest of the way up the tortuous Oklawaha on a tiny boat that pushed its way through to Lake Harris. We landed about midnight in front of the Hubbard house. I was sound asleep and had to be roused so, that I could stumble ashore.

Later in life, when he had practically retired from business, he spent many winters in Leesburg. After Jessie married and went to Charleston to live, he was accustomed to stop over there for a visit with her. It was in Charleston that he had a serious illness in the year 1904, which left him with impaired health for the remaining three years of his life.

In the year 1900, when 82 years old he made his first, and only visit to Europe. He enjoyed England, but when he went to France, to see the Paris exposition, he found it different, for he could not there talk to the people he met, as he liked to do. However, on returning home, he said he would surely visit England again.

When traveling by train in this country he had been accustomed to walk through the car and stop to talk with the men who looked as though they might be inclined to be sociable. He would tell them who he was, and ask their names, which he then wrote down in his memorandum book. Afterwards he would look the names through and comment on

this one or that one. I wonder if he ever ran across any one of these men again.

His hospitality was without bounds, and often he would bring a guest for a meal without any previous notice to the family — to the consternation, sometimes, of those responsible for the housekeeping. A grandson, when in Florida some years ago, met an old gentleman who told him this incident: "When I was a young man", he said, "I was a book salesman. As such I called on Mr. Williams and found him out working in the celery pit. After a rather long and interesting conversation, he invited me to stay for supper and spend the night, and I gratefully accepted the invitation". Transportation to and from Hartford was not quick or easy in those days.

In the meantime the business had prospered. The manufacture of ink and blacking had long since been discontinued. In the year 1876 came the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, where the Company had quite an elaborate booth. Carrie and I were taken there for two weeks — quite an experience for us. It gave me a thrill to be taken into the office of the President of the exposition for an introduction to General Hawley, afterward Governor of Connecticut and United States Senator. When the business was incorporated in 1885, as The J. B. Williams Company, he became President and Uncle William Vice President. Cousins George and Bernard Williams were named Treasurer and Secretary, and Brother David W. Superintendent. I became associated with the business in 1886.

The phrase "Gambling in Stocks", current in some decades of the last century, was enough to deter him from investing any surplus funds he might have in good and properly managed companies, for he had an inherited, and deep seated, prejudice against gambling. So he looked elsewhere.

His interest in farming led him to take a financial, and active, interest in The Vermont Farm Machine Company of Bellows Falls, at the head of which was a distant cousin, Nathan G. Williams. This concern was prosperous until after the first world war.

In the late 1870's the silver plating factory in Naubuc, that had been owned by The Curtis Manufacturing Company, was put on the market and was bought by Father and Uncle William. They felt that the business should be continued for the benefit of the Town, so they induced a few friends to invest in the business, and formed The Williams Brothers Manufacturing Company. A few years later my brother, James after deciding to give up dairy farming became manager.

At one time he was led to invest quite an amount in a coal mine in Colorado, a project that was not profitable.

Shortly before the turn of the century he learned of two large steam engines that were offered for sale at a very low price, so he bought them and had them shipped to Hartford, where they were unloaded onto the ground near a railroad siding. One engine was sold to a Bridgeport concern, bonds of that company being taken in payment. The other remained in storage (on the ground) for two or three years, and was finally sold as junk.

These are samples of his investment activities. He had been generous in helping other people who appealed to him, and he had given liberally to a number of western colleges, whose presidents beat a path to his door. Consequently his estate, when he died, consisted mainly of his holdings in the company he had founded, besides a few mortgages on western farm lands.

The brick house on the hill was gradually emptied of the older children. But that house was only a symbol. The real "House that James built" was his family.

Of the eight children who grew to maturity in that home only one is left. However there are sixty-five of the family still living to bear witness to his strength of character and his Christian principles.

His was a long and useful life, and the house he built is alive and growing—better than any house of brick.

MARY ELLEN and MARTHA BAKER

MARY ELLEN and MARTHA BAKER have always been thought of together, for they were inseparable most of their lives.

Mary, four years older, attended schools in Brattleboro, Vermont, and in Quebec. Mattie also went to Brattleboro for two years, and then became one of the first pupils in the newly opened Glastonbury Academy.

In 1873 they went to Europe for the first time, with Dr. and Mrs. Kittredge. Dr. Kittredge had been pastor of our church for four years and was an experienced traveler. We can imagine the thrill it gave to these young girls, only 19 and 23 years of age, to visit the old countries of Europe. They spent five weeks in Scotland, with headquarters in Edinburgh, two weeks in London, and one week in Paris, before going to Dresden, where they settled down for two years, living with a German family by the name of Brand. There they studied German and Italian.

Also studying in Dresden at the time was an attractive young Episcopal clergyman, who was related to some of our cousins. They saw much of him, and rumor has it that he and Mary became engaged to be married. Apparently this engagement was not made



known to the younger members of the family, and was not of long duration.

Romance also came into Mattie's life at least once to my knowledge. As a boy I remember the fortnightly calls on her made by a young man, who would drive over from Newington with a pair of spirited horses. One day several of us were sitting in the library when the mail came in. Mattie looked up from a letter that had been handed to her, flushed up, and said it was from this devoted young man. She did not read the letter to the family, so I do not know its contents, nor her reply. I only know that after that time his horses no longer pranced up to the brick house on the hill every other week.

Their brother, "D.W.", spent part of the last year with them in Dresden, and, when they left in 1875, accompanied them to Italy for their first visit there. They both left diaries describing that trip and telling in detail of the churches and galleries they visited, mentioning the famous paintings and statues in each. They came home later that year. When they reached home Mary wrote in her diary: "Here ends our two years of Europe and pleasure. Higho! I wonder when I shall have as much pleasure as I have had in these two years! Now for quiet at home".

Among Mattie's papers has been found a fairly complete list of her activities for many years. Some of these notations are as follows:

- 1872 — Spent winter in Jacksonville, Fla.
- 1873 — Sailed for Europe in July
- 1876 — Home, to Centennial in Summer
- 1877 — Went west to Ella Nash's wedding
- 1878 — Went in Autumn to N.Y. to study with Mrs. Kraus
- 1882 — Taught children at home
- 1883 — Taught children at home, abroad with J.E. and J.S.W. in July
- 1885 — Most of year at home, went to Louisville in November
- 1892 — Taught children at home, went to Spain in July.

Mary left no such list, so we know little of what she did for twelve years. She spent some winters in Florida, and did some teaching, but did not persist in it. In the fall of 1888 she went with me to India, to be present when Frances Scudder and I were married in January 1889. After the wedding the three of us, in company with Kittie Scudder and another missionary, had a delightful trip of three weeks through the north of India. Then we started for home, leaving Mary to spend the rest of the year visiting friends in different parts of the country.

Mattie spent two years in New York, in the well known school of Mrs. Kraus, studying to be a kindergartner. Then she taught for a year in St. John, New Brunswick. Her second trip abroad came in 1883, when she went with Jessie and "J.S.". After Jim left to bring home his cattle

from the Island of Jersey, the two sisters spent a year in Italy and France.

Then came an invitation to go to Louisville, Kentucky, to organize the first kindergarten in that city. Mr. Avery, a wealthy manufacturer, wanted his two small children to have the benefit of such a school. So she went to Louisville in 1885 and lived with the Avery family for four years. Only last winter a friend in Florida told me that she had spoken to one of her neighbors, in Glens Falls, N.Y. about meeting us in Florida, and this lady asked if it could be possible that I was any relation to "Miss Mattie" whom she remembered so well as being her kindergarten teacher when she was a child. During the summer I have had some correspondence with Mrs. Birdsall, who was "Little Eleanor Avery" of whom Mattie had written and spoken to us. She gave me the names of the eight children who made up the kindergarten class in the Avery home. Some of them became prominent socially, and one of them afterward became the wife of Captain Hobson, of "Merrimack" fame. The letter continues: "She was our constant companion in walks on Sunday and expeditions on week days in search of wild flowers, which Miss Mattie taught us to press and mount, and butterflies, which were also mounted on cards, after being properly stretched and dried. So you can see how many happy memories of your sister are with me after all these years."

They both went to Spain in 1892 to spend two years teaching in the American Mission school in San Sebastian — called the "Gulick School". Mary taught some French and English classes and geography. She translated into Spanish an English text book, for use in teaching geography, as she could not find one in Spanish that was satisfactory. Mattie's job was to train some of the Spanish girls to be kindergartners. Some time later Cousin Isabel Cooper also went to Spain and spent several years in kindergarten work at the school. Through all the years that followed they never lost their interest in the school, and kept in touch with it and many of their former pupils. Some of these came to this country and secured positions as teachers of Spanish, and visited in Glastonbury when opportunity offered. One of them, an attractive young woman, was popular with the young people here. A sample of the slang of the day startled her one day, when a young girl said to her, as an expression of approbation: "Carolina, you are an old peach". Carolina was indignant, or appeared to be, for the idea of an *old* peach did not seem to imply a compliment.

In later years they would take occasion, on some of their many trips to Europe, to visit the school, at San Sebastian, or at Biarritz in France. At the time of the Spanish-American war it had been necessary to move the school across the border. About the turn of the century they spent two winters in Biarritz. I made a short visit to them there in 1900 on my way to Paris. Later, that same year they went over again, this time with Father, Aunt Julia and Jim. The whole party visited Norwich and

Glastonbury in England, Paris and Biarritz in France, and San Sebastian in Spain.

Using several small gifts as a nucleus, Rollins College, in Winter Park, Florida, has recently established a Martha Baker Williams Memorial Fund of the Casa Iberia Endowment. Casa Iberia, a building with class room, exhibit room and library, is "a permanent center for inter-American studies and activities". The director, Professor Angela Palomo Campbell, knew Mary and Mattie when she was a girl in Spain. Some years ago Mattie became interested in Rollins College because of the teaching of Spanish by Mrs. Campbell, and was accustomed to send small yearly contributions.

After Father's death in 1907 the J.S. family moved into the old house. When they were in this country, Anne lived with them, and Mary and Mattie made their home with the S.H.'s. This was the procedure for over 20 years.

The winter of 1911-12 was spent by the three sisters in a trip around the world. The longest stops were made in Japan and India, with shorter visits in Hawaii, China and Ceylon. When they reached England, Katherine, Ruth and Helen met them. The six Misses Williams spent most of the winter in Rome, and some time in Biarritz, visiting also Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium.

Two years earlier the three of them spent the winter in Egypt, going as far as possible up the Nile.

They enjoyed having one or more of their nieces with them in Europe. Mildred spent one winter with them in France and Italy.

In 1914 they came home on the last available steamer before the war broke out. Of course they stayed put during the war years, although they spent one summer in a trip to Alaska. After that they made a practice of spending the summers abroad and coming home for the winters. Their favorite stopping place was Lausanne, Switzerland. On our trip to Europe in 1931, Fan and I visited with them for a few days in Lausanne. From a statement made by Mary it has been estimated that she crossed the Atlantic Ocean at least 57 times.

Finally they decided to build a house so that they might have a home of their own. This was completed in 1935 while they were abroad for the last time. They enjoyed their new home thoroughly. There Mary died in 1939 at the age of 89. Mattie lived to be almost 91, dying in 1945.

DAVID WILLARD

DAVID WILLARD was the oldest of the sons, and was looked up to and revered by the other three.

He was a member of the first class to graduate from the newly established Glastonbury Academy. His course at Yale, in Sheffield Scientific School, was interrupted by illness, as a result of which he spent a year with Mary and Mattie in Germany and Italy.

One episode in his school days at home led up to years of happy family life. Father sent him up street one day on an errand to Rev. S. G. W. Rankin, who had recently moved into town with his family, and chose to ride there on horseback. Entering the yard he rode to the side door and there the horse, startled by something, stopped so suddenly that the rider was thrown over his head. There he found himself on the ground at the feet of an attractive young girl. She turned out to be a daughter of Mr. Rankin, named Helen. Their conversation at the time is not recorded, but from that time he continued to be at her feet and by her side. So it was no surprise to the two families when he and Helen were married, not long after his return from Europe — in 1876.



After living for some time with the Rankin family, where the oldest daughter, Louise, was born, they moved into the brick house on Hubbard Street, that had been built by Grandfather Hubbard. After fifteen years there, when the new house he had built on Williams Street was ready to receive the growing family, they moved over there with the four children, Louise, Willard, Mildred and Ruth. The new house was called "Heulrhod" a Welch name meaning "Sunny Bank". There Isabel was born, and she says: "Here the five of us spent an ideal childhood, surrounded by love, security and a vital faith in God". Ruth also says of him: "Father was always a 'Super' being in my young life, a real prince.

I know that all of us children put him on a sort of pedestal, and he never came down”.

The family life was disrupted by the death of Helen, 25 years after their marriage. Later he brought Jennie Loomis, daughter of Judge Dwight Loomis of the Connecticut Supreme Court, as his second wife, to fill the gap, and she filled it well. Her son, Dwight, was born only a short time before his father's death. He died in 1909, after some months of illness, when only 56 years old.

After selling shaving soaps for a few years he became convinced that other kinds of soap could also be sold. So he branched out for himself, rented the old Hubbard bark mill, and began to manufacture Laundry and Mill soaps, with the firm name of D. W. Williams & Company. The two soap factories worked peaceably side by side for some five years. Then in 1885 the two factories were combined in the new corporation The J. B. Williams Company, and he became superintendent. He knew every employee personally and called most of them by their first names. They looked up to him and admired him, always speaking of him as “D.W.”. He had considerable mechanical ability and invented one or two small items that were patented. He gave much time and thought to the construction of a rotary engine which he hoped to be able to perfect. After father's death he became President of the company, but was able to serve in that capacity only two years. His death was a blow to the business and to the community as well as to the family.

His religious life was very real. Isabel says: “We were led to God from earliest infancy, both at home and through the church. Each morning father held family prayers in the beautiful cherry-paneled library, the heart of our home life.” He was devoted to the church, which he had joined at an early age. He had served as Superintendent of the Sunday School, and when the church was incorporated, in 1896, he was chosen to be President, a position he held during the rest of his life. He also followed his father as Deacon. He was an active and influential member of the church. It fell to his lot to follow Uncle William in conducting the Sunday School that met in Addison every Sunday afternoon. Later this was taken up and continued by Louise. His interest in religious education was evidenced by the fact that he was, for some years until his death, a trustee of the Hartford Theological Seminary.

A keen sportsman he always had some fine hunting dogs, and with their help would bring home woodcock and quail and partridges. Fishing appealed to him equally in the spring and summer months. One day he got me out of bed about four o'clock in the morning and asked me to drive to Marlborough with him. He had an errand there, but if it should turn out to be a rainy day we could fish in the pond. I could not have been more than fourteen years old at the time. It rained! We fished! In later years I fished often in Marlborough Pond (now called Lake Terramaugus), but never had such good luck again. The bass and

perch were hungry that day. It gave me a great thrill to catch my first large bass — a three pounder.

A son-in-law records this incident: "I remember once when I was with him hunting quail in Glastonbury, we startled a flock and one bird flushed directly in front of us. We both shot and the bird fell. Instantly D.W. picked up the quail and handed it to me saying: 'That's your bird, George, put it in your pocket.' I protested because I was practically certain that I, a novice, had missed the bird; and that Mr. Williams, an excellent wing shot, had dropped it. But he would not listen to me and I had to take the quail home as mine. This was just an example of the friendliness and consideration for the other fellow that marked Mr. Williams' daily life." He also quotes another friend as saying: "In work or in play D. W. Williams was the best comrade I ever had".

He was especially fond of horses, and always kept a spirited driving horse. He liked one that would "fill his hand" as he used to express it. Jim and I joined him in importing a valuable Hackney stallion. He thought it might be a profitable investment, beside having some showy horses to ride and drive.

The only political office he ever held was that of representative in the State Legislature. He was elected twice, to the sessions of 1893 and 1895. The impression he made was such that he was asked to run for the office of State Treasurer, but he decided not to do so.

He was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution (his two younger brothers joined at the same time), and of the Society of Colonial Wars.

"Mr. Williams' untimely death was a great loss to many important interests, to say nothing of the personal sorrow to those who had been fortunate enough to know him well. Great indeed were the number of testimonials which appeared on this sad occasion in the form of resolutions passed by the organizations to which he belonged, as well as many others from newspaper editorials to the letters of personal friends". (Representative Citizens of Connecticut)

His own Company, as well as others with which he was connected, and the Chamber of Commerce of Glastonbury sent resolutions to the family. The resolution passed by the Church in Glastonbury was as follows:

"Whereas, in the Divine order of nature, David Willard Williams, president of the corporation of the First Church of Christ in Glastonbury, and a member of the board of deacons, has been removed from us by death, Resolved: That in his death the church has lost a most efficient officer whose sincere devotion to all the interests of the church was unceasing, and

whose generous service of the church was in the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister: That the church has lost a brother beloved of all; whose life was unspotted from the world; whose love for his friends, his neighbors, his associates in business, his employees, his fellow townsmen, his brethren in the church, ever manifested itself in loving service; whose human sympathies forgot all social or religious or racial lines; whose kindly and cordial manner won for him many and devoted friends; whose simple faith in God and whole-hearted love for Jesus Christ quickened the faith and stimulated the service of all".

Willard and Ruth and Isabel make these further statements: "His chief characteristic was his devout, whole-hearted Christian faith; and there followed from this a standard of behavior that was exacting upon himself, and that equally precluded a single word of unkind criticism of anyone else. He used to say: 'If you cannot say something good of a person, don't say anything', and this he practiced. "His fondness for all children and the animals he owned was, as I see it now, due to his great-heartedness, and love of people and all living things. He loved life and knew how to live it to the fullest". "Father had a very winning personality, and seemed beloved by all who knew him. His keen sense of humor was evident in the twinkle of his eyes as he told a funny story, or watched his grandson, Martin Kellogg, tumbling about on the library rug like a wee clown. He was very thoughtful of the happiness of others, and rarely refused aid to those who came to him with a 'hard luck' story. - - - A truly great Christian gentleman - - a wonderful father".

JERUSHA ELIZABETH (JESSIE)

JERUSHA ELIZABETH (JESSIE) was the last one of the family to be born in the "little house under the hill", but she grew up in the new brick house.

After leaving the Glastonbury Academy, she went for a year to the newly established Wellesley College as one of its early students. An injury to her back made it necessary to give up her anticipation of four years in college. When she was well again she went for a time to Abbott Academy, where she was considerably older than most of her school friends.

She often went with Father and Aunt Julia to Florida, and spent several winters there visiting the Hubbard and Child relatives. She spent at least one year abroad with her older sisters, especially in Italy and France.

She was the only one of the sisters to be married. Her husband was Henry F. Welch, of Charleston, South Carolina, and she went with him to his home in the South. The wedding was in 1896, and she chose for bridesmaids four small nieces, Katherine, Ruth, Carol and Frances. During the next few years Charleston was a stopping-off place, for a visit, on the trips to and from Florida. Her step-son, Norman Welch, was about Richard's age, and the two boys went to the same fitting school, the Montclair Military Academy in New Jersey. Norman spent many vacations here before he went to Princeton, and Richard to Amherst.

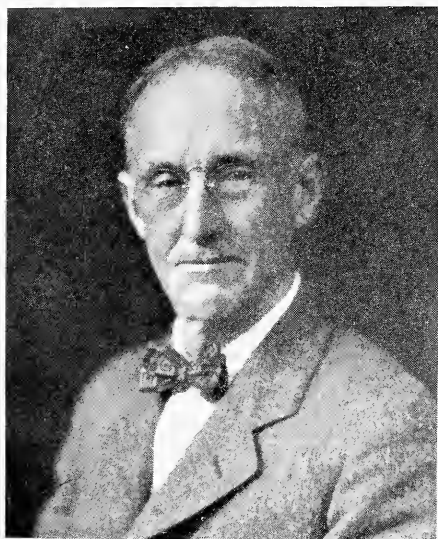
Her married life was happy, but unfortunately not of long duration, as she died in Charleston in 1901.

Several years ago Fan and I stopped over in Charleston to see Henry Welch. Though confined to a wheel chair he was his old cheery self. We were much attracted by his present wife, Margaret. We also had a drive with Norman, who has changed little since he was a boy.

Jessie was blond, while all her sisters were dark. Her dark red hair made many of her friends envious. It was unusually long, reaching to her knees when loosened. Her coloring was pleasing to Father, for he always admired red hair.



JAMES STODDARD



JAMES STODDARD was the first of the family to be born in the new brick house. He apparently inherited father's interest in outdoor life, for, from the time he was a boy in his teens, he looked forward to being an agriculturist. So it was natural that his choice of a college was one that would give training along this line.

After graduating from the Glastonbury Academy he entered the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, universally called "Aggie" to distinguish it from Amherst College. Now it is the Massachusetts State College. The military training, under a West Point graduate, made him

eligible to become, after graduation, a lieutenant in the United States army. While in college he was an outstanding football player. Later it was written of him: "He ranked as one of the greatest figures in 'Aggie' football history, and was rated by his contemporaries as a wonderful player and inspirational leader. He was once called the 'Red Grange of his day'." He came home one night in his senior year, after a game with Wesleyan in Middletown, with a lame shoulder. During the game his shoulder was dislocated, but after it had been put back in place he insisted in resuming his place in the team, only to have the accident recur. After being repaired he tried it again, but after the third dislocation he retired to the benches. The result was that his shoulder troubled him for many years. This grim determination to carry on in spite of difficulties was characteristic of him all through his life. In college he was one of the founders of the Q.T.V. Fraternity.

The year after graduation was spent in Europe. While there he visited the Island of Jersey and brought back with him some of its noted cattle. These, added to those that father had acquired, formed a famous herd of Jersey cattle. With this herd he started out as a dairy farmer — his chosen occupation. It was a disappointment to him that financial returns did not meet his expectations. So when the opportunity came he turned to manufacturing.

A few years earlier father and Uncle William had bought the Naubuc factory and formed the Williams Brothers Manufacturing Company to continue making flat silverware. He became connected with that business, as secretary and factory manager. After father's death he was made president, a position he held until his retirement in 1927.

One summer, not long after his return from Europe, the family had a visit from Kittie Clark Nicholson, the attractive and vivacious daughter of Judge Rufus L. B. Clark of Washington, who was a cousin of father. Visits by him to Washington followed. During these years he had acquired a full beard. While in Washington on one of his visits he was induced to remove the beard. A man who called the next day did not seem to recognize him, so Kittie said: "I think you have met Mr. Williams, have you not?". The caller replied: "I am not sure, but I think I met his father the other day." The outcome of these visits was that they were married in 1887.

For twenty years they lived in the house near the factory that had been built by Uncle William, and where the "William S." family had grown up. After father's death they took over the brick house on the hill, remodeling the interior, but leaving the exterior as it was designed nearly fifty years before. The children were born in the first home. Annie Nicholson was, of course, a member of the family, and grew up there with her half brothers and sisters. She was as dear to all the cousins as though her name had been Williams instead of "Annie Nick", as she has always been called.

Another visit to Europe was made in 1900, when he accompanied Father and Aunt Julia, and went with them to see the Paris Exposition.

His interest in civic affairs was genuine, and he was President at one time of the Glastonbury Chamber of Commerce. The only political office he held was that of Representative of the town in the State Legislature, where he served in the session of 1907.

As President of the church, of which he was a member for sixty years, and as teacher in the Sunday School of classes of boys his influence was outstanding. The boys in his classes have frequently expressed their appreciation of his leadership. He endeared himself to them by taking them on hikes and camping trips.

Fond of all animals he always had good horses, and he joined his brother D.W. in raising some fine Hackneys. He enjoyed out-door sports and devoted himself to golf and fishing. When the Williams Memorial Golf Club was started he was active in the organization, and had much to do with laying out the course. The streams of Connecticut and the lakes of Maine provided him with opportunities to display his skill in catching brook trout. He also developed remarkable skill in bowling.

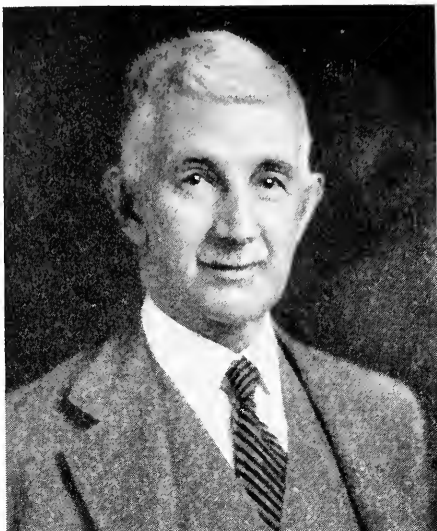
After retiring from business he often occupied himself in refinishing old pieces of furniture, some of which he secured at auction sales, which he enjoyed attending.

He was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Society of the Descendants of the Mayflower.

He was an individualist, by nature reserved and determined. It has been written of him: "There was about him a calmness rising out of a well-ordered spirit, which merged with a keen sense of humor and sympathetic understanding, to make him a highly esteemed figure in the community."

SAMUEL HUBBARD

SAMUEL HUBBARD was the youngest of Jerusha Williams' children. She died when he was only two, so most of his earliest recollections concern his older sister, Mary, who took over the cares of the household and the two youngest children until Aunt Julia came into the family. His sister, Carrie, two years his senior, and he became inseparable companions. Her death at the age of fourteen was a tragic event for the twelve year old brother.



When about twelve he joined the Congregational Church. During his early school years, and until he left for college, he took an active part in church activities, particularly in relation to the young people's group. This interest, combined with the religious atmosphere of the entire household, had a lasting effect and was the primary cause for his intense interest and work in the field of religious education during his adult years.

During his school years he expected to follow in the footsteps of his oldest brother, Will, and become a student at Yale. His father, however, upon returning from a visit to Amherst, where James was a student at Massachusetts Agricultural College, announced that he thought Amherst College would be the place for him to go. So he, and Uncle William's youngest son, "Little Will" became members of the same class there. During his college years he became known as a great second baseman.

After graduating with the class of 1885, he spent one year studying chemistry at the Sheffield Scientific School, and, following this, began his connection with The J. B. Williams Company.

A small space was assigned to him where he set up a chemical balance and used a few beakers and test tubes, with alcohol lamp for heat. For the next few years he worked in nearly every department in order

to know the business thoroughly. This training included the knowledge of soap making for every product. Elected Secretary of the Company in 1898, he successively became Treasurer in 1908, Vice President in 1910 and President in 1922. Thirteen years later he retired from the Presidency to become Chairman of the Board of Directors, a position he has held continuously to the present. In 1948, when his son, James, took his place as Director, the Board made him Honorary Chairman. He retired from active business in 1939.

As the time approached for his 60th wedding anniversary he remarked to a friend that this really would celebrate a period of devotion by two people for each other of not 60 but 75 years. It was in 1873 that Dr. W. W. Scudder arrived from India and became pastor of the Congregational Church in Glastonbury. He then fell in love for the first and only time. Frances Scudder and he became constant companions through school and college years. They entered college at the same time — she at Wellesley, he at Amherst. After graduation and upon her return to India, she promised to wait for him there, and to return with him after a two years' visit. The two years went slowly, but he went, she came. They were married in India in January 1889.

After a trip through the north of India, in company with his sister, Mary, (who had gone out with him) and her sister, Kittie, they spent five weeks in Palestine. Part of this time was spent going from Jerusalem to Beirut, riding horse back and sleeping in tents. Greece, Turkey and Spain were visited en route to England and home. Altogether he was away for nine months — a trip never to be forgotten.

After reaching Glastonbury they were invited to make their home with his older brother, James, and his wife, for a year in the house that had been built by Uncle William near the factory. Here Carol was born. They then moved to the brick house on Hubbard Street where the other three children, Frances, Patty and Jim arrived.

After fifteen years a new house was built across the street in order to accommodate the increasing family. This had grown to include Mrs. Scudder (Dr. Scudder had died in 1895) and three nephews, Galen, Norman and Will Scudder, besides the four children. After a time his two sisters, Mary and Mattie, came to make their home with them whenever they were in this country, for a period of some twenty years. Mrs. Scudder continued to live with them until her death in 1928, at the age of 98. Thus this new white house, built in the midst of the old apple orchard of grandfather Hubbard, was full of young life for a number of years. It has been their home now for over 40 years. Now the two are alone in their large house — during the summer time. For several years they have spent the winters in Florida.

After the death of Dr. Scudder they went to California for a visit, accompanied by Mrs. Scudder and her daughter, Kittie, as well as by

five year old Carol. Years later they made two more visits to the Scudder cousins there. On one of these trips, after a drive through the Canadian Rockies, they took the sea voyage to Hawaii. Another summer was spent in a European trip, visiting Italy, Switzerland and France, with a delightful automobile drive in England and Scotland. On two different occasions they enjoyed short steamer excursions in the Caribbean area.

His outside activities include many of those positions which mark a man with the public interest at heart, such as Town Treasurer, Assessor, State Representative (session of 1901) and Chairman of the Town School Committee (for nineteen years). During this period considerable progress was made in closing small one-room schools and building larger school houses. Among the new buildings were the High School and the Academy School. Shortly before the first World War he was active, working with other heirs of James B. and David W. Williams, in the planning and construction of the Williams Memorial Building. After D. W.'s death he followed him as Deacon of the church, a position he held for 30 years.

At the time of the 250th anniversary of the church he read a paper entitled: "Recollections of Seventy Five Years". He has also written the following pamphlets: "The Glastonbury Academy", "The Schools of Glastonbury 1840-1940", "An Unpredictable Grandfather", "Who's Who in the Family of Solomon Williams" and parts of this pamphlet.

He has been a member of a number of outside organizations; among them the Sons of the American Revolution, the Academy of Political Science and the American Peace Society. In college he joined the Chi Phi Fraternity, and he is a 32nd degree Mason.

His outstanding contribution to the community, state and nation, however, was in the field of religious education. His work in three departments of this field was carried on over a period of 56 years. The influence of his efforts will be lasting and long remembered.

During the early 1890's Sunday Schools had not developed to a point where they effectively furthered religious education. It was during this period that he took charge of the Sunday School of the Congregational Church in Glastonbury. As Superintendent for 30 years, he succeeded in developing the school so that it came to be one of the most noted in the State. It was during this period that his introduction of graded Sunday School lessons was an outstanding contribution to this form of religious education. For many years he served as President of the Connecticut Sunday School Association, and a representative from the state on the International Sunday School Association.

Fifty six years of successive service to one school were culminated with his resignation in 1948 from the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Seminary Foundation. He was a member of the Corporation of the School for Christian Workers in Springfield, Massachusetts from 1892

to 1898, when this institution became the Bible Normal College of Springfield, Massachusetts. He was a trustee of this college from 1899 to 1903, and was a member of its Executive Committee from 1900 to 1903. (Upon removal of the School to Hartford its name was changed again) He was an incorporator and member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy from 1903 to 1912, and was the President of that corporation and its board for the same period. In 1912, when the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy was merged into The Hartford Seminary Foundation, he became a member of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation. He served as a member of the Executive Committee of that Foundation from 1915 to 1947. (This statement copied from a resolution passed by the Trustees in 1948.)

Upon his retirement from the Board of Directors of the Connecticut Conference of Congregational and Christian Churches, Rev. Edwin Knox Mitchell Jr. on behalf of the Board, commented in part as follows:—

“He was elected as a corporator of the Boards of the Connecticut Missionary Society and the Trustees of the Funds for Ministers in 1917 and served for 16 years until in 1933 when the new constitution was adopted and the present conference formed, he became a director of the Conference Board as well, and for six years has served in that capacity. He has given his efforts generously to the work of the Finance Committee. For a number of years he was its Chairman and how greatly the invested funds have benefited from his sound judgment and wise counsel. At the Board meetings his gracious and gentle presence, his keen and ripe wisdom have been of inestimable value. He will be tremendously missed at future sessions of the Board, but we are giving thanks that our Connecticut Conference can still count on his deep interests and liberal support of our united Christian efforts. We hail him as one of the saints of our churches and thank him for his long, faithful, and capable service to the work of the Kingdom of God in our midst.”

ANNE SHELTON

ANNE SHELTON has left us so recently that we all know about her life and activities.

As a child she was precocious and amused the older children, as well as visitors, by reciting poems and stories that had lodged in her brain.

Anne was not much older than her niece, Louise, and Annie Nick was a little younger. The rest of the nieces, that formed such an attractive group, were younger still. So it was natural that these three girls should form a trio, spending much time together in their play and recreation.

After leaving the academy she attended a private school in Amherst. She then followed

Mattie's example and studied in the Kraus School for Kindergartners in New York. However she never did any teaching, due in part to the fact that, like some of the rest of us, she was not musical.

She made many trips to Europe, sometimes with Mary and Mattie; in fact she accompanied them on about one-third of their trips. One winter was spent with them in Egypt, going up the Nile. She was also with them on the journey around the world. Helen went with her one year to spend several months in many of the European countries and in North Africa.

After Father's death she made her home for some years with the J.S. family, but after Mary died moved over to keep Mattie company, spending the rest of her life in the new house. During the last few years Cousin Henri Child spent much time there with both Mattie and Anne.

When at home she took a great interest in politics and was a member of the Republican Town Committee. But her predominant interest was in the work of the Girl Scouts, to which she gave much time and thought, being at the head of the organization in Glastonbury. Some time ago she was given a "twenty-five year pin" by the committee. Between times Red Cross work consumed many hours.

Historical societies interested her and she was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Society of New England Women, and the Daughters of the Pilgrims.



RICHARD SOLOMON



RICHARD SOLOMON

was the youngest of the family, and the only grandson to be given the name Solomon.

As a very small boy he was a beautiful child. With his hair allowed to grow long so that it came down to his shoulders, and dressed in a kilt, he had a girlish look. So it was no wonder that he should be spoken to as "little girl" by a visitor who came into the yard one day. Drawing himself up to his full height of some three feet he said indignantly: "Do you think Richard Solomon Williams is a girl's name?"

He prepared for college, partly at home in the academy, and partly at the Mont-

clair Military Academy, and graduated from Amherst in 1902. After a year spent at Yale studying chemistry he went to London to study further under the best known expert in the chemistry of oils and fats.

Soon after his return he married Marian Farnham, a sister of a school friend of his sister, Anne. Marian seemed glad to escape from the atmosphere of Sing Sing (her home was in Ossining), to live in the clear air of the Connecticut Valley.

Associated with the J. B. Williams Company for 35 years, until his retirement in 1941, he was for quite a number of years a director and Assistant Secretary. For several years he was Superintendent of the factory, until a nervous breakdown forced him to relinquish the position. After that he held the position of Purchasing Agent.

During the first World War two large companies of Home Guards were formed in Glastonbury, and Richard was chosen Captain of the one in the northern part of the town. I have a vivid recollection of a week-end spent by the Home Guard in the historic town of Lebanon. My brother, Jim, was a sergeant and I was a private, and we participated in the pilgrimage, sleeping on the ground just north of the old historic church (destroyed by the hurricane of 1938). The parade on

the Green and the Sunday service in the church were features of the occasion.

Civic affairs interested him and took much of his time and thought. There were few important committees raised by the town, or by organizations within the town, during the war years, that did not include his name as a member. He was Vice Chairman of the Hartford Chapter, American Red Cross, and head of the disaster Committee of the Glastonbury Branch. In this latter capacity he rendered invaluable service during the flood of 1936 and the hurricane of 1938. As chairman of the Board of Finance of the town, during the last twelve years of his life, he did outstanding work in putting the finances of Glastonbury in better shape. He succeeded me as President of the Williams Memorial Building Association, which has proved so valuable along recreational lines for the young people.

As a member of an alumni advisory committee for chemistry at Amherst College he came into contact with Professor Doughty of the Chemistry Department, and became interested in an invention of Doctor Doughty for extinguishing fires. The "Firetox Company" was formed to manufacture the apparatus, and Richard was a director and president of the company and a director of "Patented Appliances, Inc," at the time of his death. For many years he was a director and secretary of The Williams Brothers Manufacturing Co.'

After his death a resolution of regret and appreciation was passed at a Town Meeting as a tribute to him, in which was the statement: "Glastonbury is a better town than it would have been if Dick Williams had not lived in it." Tributes were also paid him in resolutions passed by the Chamber of Commerce, the Service Club and the Republican Town Committee. Town officers and other citizens joined in expressions of appreciation. One of them said: "In my opinion the Town of Glastonbury through the death of R. S. Williams has lost the services of its most useful citizen."

In the fall of 1944 he was nominated to be a representative in the State Legislature, but before election day he died in his sleep one night, at the age of sixty-four. As he had not been ill this came as a great shock to his family and community.

In the 1920's the family had lived in Hartford for several years in order that Richard Gordon might easily attend Kingswood School, where he was preparing for college. He became much interested in the school, and was a trustee and treasurer for 8 or 9 years. During that time the present location was secured and developed. The home, however, was in Glastonbury on a farm that had at one time belonged to Uncle George Hubbard. There Marian died in 1933. Young Richard, who needed to

lead an out-door life, had started to make use of the farm to raise sheep and chickens. After his retirement Richard joined him in this enterprise. Shortly before his death the two Richards bought a larger farm, about five miles to the east, and one better adapted for sheep raising. The old house had now been sold and Richard Gordon has moved his family to a new house he built on the hills in the midst of his 275 acre farm.



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